

CARLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 3.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1874.

NO. 8.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BARTON.

A. C. ROBINSON,
DEALER IN CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR,
Depot Store.

M. C. MCGOWAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR AND DEALER IN GENTS'
Furnishing Goods.

O. D. OWEN,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND
General Merchandise.

J. A. CUTLER,
JEWELRY, DRINKING AND PATTERNS
Rooms, Barton, Barton Landing & Newport.

M. HUBBARD,
HOUSE PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER
and Painter of Wood and Marble.

M. HUBBARD,
MANUFACTURER OF FLOUR, MEAL & FEED,
Dealer in all kinds of Grain.

JOHN AKLEY,
MACHINIST AND CUSTOM BLACKSMITH,
Special attention given to Horse Shoeing.

J. N. WESTER,
FIRE, FLOOD AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE
Agent.

GEORGE S. BOWEN,
PAINTER, GLAZIER, GRAINER AND PAPER
Hanger. All work warranted. Saws filed and set.

GEORGE S. BOWEN,
ATTORNEYS, COUNSELLORS & SOLICITORS.

G. F. PERCIVAL,
DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASKETS.

J. N. WESTER,
PHOTOGRAPHER. DEALER IN STEREOCOPIES,
Views, Oval, Square, and Rectangular Frames.

PALE & ROBINSON,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

LOUIS YOUNG,
JEWELRY MAKER AND CHIMNEY. REPAIRING
done neatly and promptly. Shop next door
to Marble Works.

M. SARGENT,
MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES, MADE BOOTS
and Shoes. Repairing promptly attended to at
reasonable rates.

F. W. BALDWIN,
AGENT FOR THE CHALMERS MUTUAL FIRE
Insurance Co., Burlington, Vt. Insurance of all
kinds placed in the best Stock and Mutual Companies.

J. W. HALL & CO.,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS
and Caps. W. L. Goods, Groceries and General
Merchandise. Will take produce in exchange.

W. E. ROBINSON,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FLOUR,
Salt, Hops, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and Ready Made
Clothing.

WHITCHER & CLARK,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN, JAPAN, WOOD
Glass and Builders' Hardware and Agricultural Imple-
ments. All kinds of Barter taken in exchange.

J. H. CASSEY,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. SPECIAL
attention paid to cutting Ladies' and Children's
hair.

M. J. SMITH,
PROPRIETOR OF THE BRASS COUNTY
Marble Works, Foreign and American Marble,
Gravestones, Monuments, &c.

J. L. WOODMAN,
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, AND FINDINGS
of the best kind and quality. Offered cheap for
cash. Store opposite the Court House.

W. B. CHURCHILL,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER. GRASSING, WHITE-
washing and Paper Hanging done in the best
style and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited.

J. J. HILL,
SUCCESSOR TO F. E. CHERRY, WILL CONTINUE
to sell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting
Machines. Orders solicited.

E. F. BUTTON,
SUCCESSOR TO W. F. FOSTER & SONS. DEALER
in Drugs, Medicines, Dry Goods, Oil, Gas,
Tobacco, Varnishes, Brushes, Windows Glass,
Paints, Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

L. B. WOOD, JR. & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF WOOD, METAL, GLASS,
China and Paper Signs. Banners, Seams,
Traps, Painting, &c. Proprietors of Wood's Star
Business Directory.

L. B. WOOD, JR.,
F. T. FORBATH.

GLOVER.

C. L. FRECH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

E. E. FOSTER,
PROPRIETOR UNION HOUSE, STAGE LEAVES
for Montpelier Mondays, Wednesdays and Fri-
days, and for Barton twice a day.

D. L. DWINELL,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS,
Caps and General Merchandise. The celebrated
St. Louis Water on hand for sale.

M. N. SCOTT,
PROPRIETOR GLOVER FLOURING MILLS,
Best Brand Family Flour always on hand. Also
Corn and other feed. N. B. Particular attention paid
to custom grinding.

J. W. SCOTT,
DEALER IN HARNESSES, RIDING BRIDLES,
Collars and Horse Clothing, Blankets, &c. All
kinds of Saddlery, Harness and Harnesses. Vices
cut, Trained, Japanese and Gold Plate. Repairing
done to order.

J. E. DWINELL,
MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF Furniture of all
kinds and descriptions. Carpets, Rugs, Picture
frames and pictures. Also Coffins and Caskets. Picture
frames, Siding, &c. &c. Glover, Vt.

IRASBURGH.

R. S. ORNE,
DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS AND
CASKETS. Irasburgh, Vt. 241

W. D. CUTLER,
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR.
Also Insurance Agent, Irasburgh, Vt. 244

L. H. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR.
Also Insurance Agent, Irasburgh, Vt. 244

E. W. POWELL,
PROPRIETOR IRASBURGH HOUSE, Irasburgh,
Vt. A good table in connection with the
house. Stage leaves for Barton Landing Depot twice
a day.

W. L. RESELL,
DEALER IN DRUGS, Medicines, Dry Goods, Starch,
Toilet Soap, Fancy Articles, and all the Popular Patent
Medicines. Irasburgh, Vt. 244

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADISON COWLEY,
DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS, CASKETS,
Burial Boxes, and Trimmings of every descrip-
tion. Terms reasonable. West Albany, Vt.

P. R. KENDALL,
ATTORNEY. BARTON LANDING, VERMONT.

MRS. J. P. BATTLE,
HAS RECENTLY OPENED A FANCY GOODS
Store at Barton Landing in Austin & Joslin's
Store, where she will do Millinery and Dress Making in
the latest and most approved styles. For further notice
see ad.

W. W. JILES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. North Craftsbury, Vt.

ROBERT GILES,
DEALER IN HARNESSES, Blankets, whips, carry
couches, &c. Barton Landing, Vt.

A. D. MASSEY,
MASON. Coventry, Vermont.

J. F. WRIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence,
Barton Landing, Vt.

DR. O. A. BEMIS,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
12

CUTLER & GOSSE,
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Sleighs,
Greenfield, Vt.

E. G. STEVENS,
SURGEON DENTIST. At Little's Hotel in Barton
Landing every Wednesday. Barton Landing, Vt.

Highland Mary.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow-
ers.

Your waters never drumble!
There sinner first unfurl her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' many a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender
And, pledging ayt to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:
But oh! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha' kiss'd so fondly!
And clod'd, for aye, in silent dust,
That heart that to'd me dearly!
But still, within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

—Robert Burns.

My Father.

Who hail'd me first with rapturous Joy,
And did not fret and feel annoy
When the nurse said: Why, she's a boy?
My Father.

Who gave the nurse a half a crown,
To let him hold me—awkward clown,
Of course he held me upside down?
My Father.

Who ne'er to cut my hair did try—
Jabbing the scissors in my eye,
And cutting every hair awry?
My Father.

Who sat me in the barber's chair
Instead, and had him cut my hair
Like my big brothers, good and square?
My Father.

Who when I had a little fight
Because Tom tore my paper kite
And bit me, said I did just right?
My Father.

Who when Tom lick'd me black and blue
Did not turn round and lick me too?
Saying "Tis my duty so to do."
My Father.

Who told me pluck and luck must win,
And taught me to "put up a fin,"
Till I could trounce that Tom like sin?
My Father.

Who pencies he's refused to plunk,
Nor dropped them in the mimic "Bank"?
Where I could only hear them clunk?
My Father.

Who, when I wished to buy a toy,
Ne'er thought 'twould give me much
more joy
To send tracts to some heathen boy?
My Father.

Who bought me ponies, guns and such,
And gave me leave to fork and pitch,
While he raked up to make me rich?
My Father.

And who, at last, when all was done,
Passed in his checks, and, noble one,
Left all he had to me, his son?
My Father.

A little girl in Dot Moynes wants to
know why there are no *he* dolls.

A Western butcher, whose premises
were robbed, said he "lost flesh."

The Patrons of Husbandry have started
a newspaper in Wisconsin entitled the
Mowing Machine.

If your neighbor's hens are troublesome
And steal across the way,
Don't let your angry passions rise,
But fix a place for them to lay.

The Burlington (Iowa) *Daily* speaks
of a couple "resolving themselves into
a committee of two, with power to increase
the number."

A man was boasting that he had been
married for twenty years and had never
given his wife a cross word. Those
who know him say he didn't dare to.

A Mississippi paper says: Give a negro
a spavined mule, a single-barreled
pistol and a brass watch and you make
him supremely happy.

Boasting is something out of place.
We were once amused at hearing a gen-
tleman remark that he was a bachelor,
as was his father before him.

An Indiana editor mildly remarks:
"If you cannot bring us wood, remember
us in your prayers. It is something to
know, as we sit and shiver, that we are
not forgotten, if the stove is cold."

Any boy can learn to chew tobacco by
being hopeful and persevering, but unless
his lips are fully developed he cannot
wear pants without suspenders, and have
his shirt foam jauntily out over the top.

A gentleman, finding his servant in-
toxicated, said: "Well, drunk again,
Sam? I scolded you for being drunk
last night, and here you are drunk again.
No, massa, replied Sam; same drunk,
same drunk, massa."

The clergyman in a certain town, as
the custom is, having published the
banns of matrimony between two per-
sons was followed by the clerk, reading
the hymn, beginning with these words:
"Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven."

A young woman, on alighting from a
stage, dropped a ribbon from her bonnet
in the bottom of the coach. You have
left your bonnet behind, said a lady pas-
senger. No I haven't, he's gone a fishing,
innocently replied the damsel.

Miss Anna Dickinson was to lecture
on "Joan d'Arc" to a western audience
and was introduced as follows: "Ladies
and gentlemen, Miss Dickinson will ad-
dress you to-night on the life and adven-
tures of John Dark, one of the greatest
heroes of antiquity."

Taking it for Granted.

With marks of a rough, stormy life
All over him, a man of about fifty years,
gray and sunburnt, sat in my office. I
found him there when I went in one
morning not long ago.

"Here is somebody waiting for you,
Elwell," said Mr. Bigelow.

I looked around, and the man rose
and held out his hand.

"Averill—my name is Averill," said
he, looking sharply at me out of a pair
of shrewd gray eyes. "I am an old friend
of your mother; but I have not met her
for a matter of five-and-twenty years.
So I thought I'd call and ask after her
and her family."

"I am glad to see you," said I. "Are
you a relative of my mother?"

"No," replied Mr. Averill. "We were
of the same name, but not connected—
unless it may be very distantly. I used
to know her and her folks, though, as
well as I did my own sisters, and better
too. Let's see—where is your Aunt Au-
gusta now?"

"She is living with her children in
Portland," said I.

"Pretty well, is she, do you know?"
asked Mr. Averill.

"Very well when we heard last. My
Aunt Augusta has good children and a
pleasant home, and seems quite happy."

"Um-m-m-m! That is nice," said
Mr. Averill, fumbling at a rough nugget
of gold that hung as a charm from his
watch-chain.

I hadn't much to do that day, so I
talked off and on with my visitor till it
was time to go home, and then took him
along with me. I left him in the sitting
room and went to find mother. She was
mixing biscuits for supper, looking thro'
her glasses, and singing a snatch of
some old, half-forgotten love-ditty of
her youth.

"Mother!" said I, breaking in upon
her song. "Come in the other room. An
old friend of yours wants to see you."

Mother looked up over her glasses.
"An old friend? 'Tisn't any of the
Maine folks, is it?" she asked.

Because, if it was so much as a dog
that had trotted across a corner of the
State of Maine, on his four legs, mother
would have run, with her arms out and
a smile of welcome, without stopping to
even wash the dough off her hands. As
it was, with only an indefinite thought
of seeing "an old friend," she went with
a dust of flour on her nose, and without
her company cap.

As soon as she had stepped inside the
sitting-room door, she stood and looked
at her guest, and he stood and looked at
her.

"It is Sam, as true as you are born!"
she said, at last.

Then they both laughed, and then
they both wiped their eyes, though they
didn't seem like that sort of people, es-
pecially Mr. Averill.

I never knew mother to forget her
housekeeping before, but this time she
let the biscuit burn till they were black
as my shoe; and when she mixed some
more she put in sugar instead of salt,
and left out the saleratus altogether.

But her cheeks grew pink, and her cap
strings flew, and she nor her guest seem-
ed to know the difference.

"Oh, honey!" cried my mother, hop-
ping up from the tea-table as soon as she
was seated. "You haven't lost your
sweet tooth, have you, Sam?"

"How do you remember!" returned
Sam, admiringly.

"I should think I ought to," answered
my mother, with a girlish laugh.

"The way you used to pick up walnuts
to carry to the cross-roads and trade
for molasses and make candy of!"

Speaking of the cross-roads store, I won-
dered if you know our old storekeeper's
daughter, she that was Sarah Curly, has
lost her husband?"

"No, has she? Strange I never heard
of it," replied Mr. Averill, appearing as
astonished as though he had been hear-
ing from his old neighbors every week.

"Yes," said my mother. She married
one of old Si Seaver's boys the oldest
one, Jonathan, and he died sudden,—all
at once; well, it must be something like
half-a-dozen years ago,—and left his
wife and so many children—five children
or six, I don't know which."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Av-
erill, passing his eye plate for the
third time. No, evidently he had not
lost his sweet tooth.

After supper, mother washed up the
dishes and talked, and Mr. Averill smok-
ed his pipe and listened. It was the
first time I ever allowed anybody to
smoke in my house, but I had nothing
to say now. I even filled his pipe and
lighted it for him. And then he told
the story of his life, which had been full
of strange and interesting adventures.

He was evidently a man who did not
read much and who could not have writ-
ten well, but he could talk; not always
grammatically, perhaps, but always with
force and fascination.

It seemed that years and years ago,
his father and my mother's father lived
in a town in the valley of the Kennebec.
My mother's father was a large farmer
and Mr. Averill's father was a very
small farmer with a very large family.
So his youngest son, Sam, came to work

for my grandfather. My mother and my
Aunt Augusta were young girls—they
were twins, and I suppose by the way
they look now that they must have been
pretty then. My mother was early en-
gaged and married to my father; but
there was Augusta, and there was Sam;
and where one was you might usually
find the other near at hand. Sam never
said anything, he was not of a demon-
strative kind, but he knew how he felt,
and he supposed Augusta knew, too.

So the years budded and blossomed
and brought forth fruit, until at last
Sam went down to Connecticut to take
charge of a saw-mill for an uncle of his.

He wrote to Aunt Augusta and Aunt
Augusta wrote to him; and now and
then he came to Maine on business, al-
ways going to my grandfather's before
he went home, and carrying himself to-
ward Augusta like an accepted lover.

After a few years he found himself
possessed of twelve thousand dollars, and
immediately went to work to spend it.
He went abroad, to England and Rome
and Egypt and Paris and Germany and
Sweden and Russia and everywhere.

When he came home at last it was with
only fifty dollars in his pocket. So next
he went out among the copper mines of
Lake Superior, and in time was again
possessed of twelve thousand dollars.

"Now I will come home and marry
Augusta, and settle down," said he to
himself. But he didn't say it to any-
body else. It never occurred to him that
it was necessary.

Meantime my Aunt Augusta had not
stood like a rose in a pot, waiting for
the gardener to come and pick it. She
cast out her roots and threw up her
branches and blossomed as though it was
enough to fulfill the laws of being and
beauty for their own sakes.

In that simple neighborhood work was
supposed to be the chief end of every-
body. So Aunt Augusta, to her regret,
—and then she went to Coos, where
her brother Nathan lived, and set up
for herself.

Coos was a little crumb of a town in
those days; but it held up its head and
had its stores and its mills, and its shops,
and its great white meeting house on a
hill, with galleries on three sides and
square pews and a high box pulpit.

The first Sunday after Aunt Augusta
went there, she climbed the hill, of
course, and went in the front pew with
Uncle Nathan and his wife. She was
fashionably dressed in a black crape
gown, a scarlet shawl and a white silk
bonnet with pink roses inside. Her
cheeks were as pink as her roses, and
her eyes were as black as her gown.

There was no need that Mr. Keeler
should point her out to the young men,
but he took the pains to do it. Mr. Keel-
er, the minister, was a little, lank man,
as plain and gray as a do-r-bug, and
so afraid of the pumps and vanities that
he wouldn't wear buttons on his coat. No
sooner had his eyes fallen on Aunt Au-
gusta, settling herself in the front pew
like a variegated tulip, than he dropped
the subject he had started upon for his
sermon, and began to preach against con-
formity to the world. He was a sincere,
earnest man, and he preached with all
his might, emphasizing and illustrating
his words by pointing with his blunt fin-
ger at the scarlet shawl and pink roses.
So if anybody had neglected to look at
them before, they looked then.

Among those who were obedient to
the ministerial forefinger, was Abner
Stanton, the village blacksmith.

Abner Stanton's heart was a good deal
like his iron—not easily melted—but
when it once had been hammered into a
shape, there it was, fixed and steadfast.

And to-day Aunt Augusta's eyes went
through it like red-hot arrows as he
peered around at her from behind one of
the pillars in the gallery.

The next day he came to get a vest
made. The day after, he came to bring
the buttons for it; and the day after that
he thought, as he was going by, he
would call and see if he had everything
she needed, and how soon the vest would
be done. It was not two days more be-
fore he was there again to bring a letter.

"I happened to see it at the post-of-
fice when I went after my paper, and so
I brought it along. I could as well as
not," said he.

The letter was from Sam Averill, tell-
ing about the luck he had had in min-
ing, the weather, and the fact that he
was well. Nothing more; nothing about
the home he was building in his fancy,
and the figure that was always central
in his thoughts.

"I hope," said my Uncle Nathan,
"you are not foolish enough to set your
mind on such a rolling stone as Sam Av-
erill. He has no continuity to him."

"If we are going to hunt for a man
that has no faults in this world, we'll
have a long road of it," returned Aunt
Augusta, bearing down the heavy pres-
sing-iron upon her seam as though she
were trying to crush the life out of some-
thing.

In less than a week, Abner Stanton
called again. He thought perhaps Miss
Augusta didn't know the swamp-pinks
were out, and so he brought her a hand-
ful, that he got on the way over from
Cowssett.

Aunt Augusta had a weakness for
flowers—she and my mother are alike
about that—and she put a cluster of the
blossoms in her hair at once, and another
at her throat, while Abner Stanton
looked at her with admiration in every
hair of his head.

"If you were a sister of mine, you
should always sit in a rocking-chair and
wear swamp-pinks!" said he.

"Abner Stanton is a most excellent
man," quoth Uncle Nathan, when he had
gone his way. "an esquire and the head
man in town. He's all wheat and no
chaff. He'll make a first rate of a hus-
band, and the girl who gets him will
get a prize."

Aunt Augusta made some fierce clip-
pings with her great tailor's shears, but
she said nothing, and presently went up
stairs to answer Sam Averill's letter.

The next day Abner Stanton called to
see Uncle Nathan on business, and she
sent her letter to the office by him. So
the months drifted along, one after
another, like pictures in a magic-lantern.
Abner Stanton came often on one excuse
or another, or on none. He brought flow-
ers, and berries strung on grass, and
sweet flag-root and birds' eggs. He was
never intrusive with his love, but made
Aunt Augusta conscious of it every step
she walked, and with every breath she
breathed. It was below her, above her,
and all around her. "He often brought
her letters from Sam, and carried hers
for him to the office."

"All things are fair in love," said he
to himself. So now and then he forgot
to mail, or to deliver one, dropping it in
the fire instead. At last, as his love
grew hotter and more impatient, he kept
her back altogether, and still never al-
lowed Aunt Augusta to lose sight or
thought of himself.

Thus the time passed, until Sam Av-
erill having made and lost and made again
his twelve thousand dollars among the
copper mines of Lake Superior, came home
to settle down.

Suddenly one day he appeared before
my Uncle Nathan, travel-worn and
brown and shaggy. My uncle received
him with great cordiality.

"Sam, I'm glad to see you!" said he.
"How have you fared all this great, long
time?"

"Fair to middling. Where's Augus-
ta?" returned Sam.

"Oh, Augusta! She is all right. You
go to the tavern and fix up, and I'll find
Augusta. I will be around in an hour
or so, and call for you. Augusta will be
proper glad to see you, and so'll the rest
of the folks. I don't know when there
has been such a surprise in Coos before."

So Sam went off with his honest heart
to find a razor and a wash bowl, and my
uncle Nathan did a very mean thing. He
went straight to Abner Stanton. "Ab-
ner," said he, going into the smithy, out
of breath. "Sam Averill has come, and
you must go right up and get Augusta to
name the day, or you will lose her. I
will keep him out of the way as long as
I can."

Abner dropped his hammer, without
saying a word, and went up the street,
rolling down his shirt-sleeves as he went.
An hour after uncle Nathan came home
with Sam Averill.

"Here is an old friend you will be
glad to see, Augusta," said he, opening
the door of my aunt's workroom, where
she sat stitching the pocket of a primrose-
colored vest, and looking fresh as a hun-
dred primroses herself.

"It is Sam!" said she faintly, start-
ing to her feet and dropping her work.

It was Sam. Sam came at last, with
his long-smoldering love and his tardy
speaking.

"You are too late! An hour too late!"
said my aunt Augusta, when he had told
his errand East. "I have just engaged
myself to another man."

"You haven't done right, Augusta,"
said Sam. "You belong to me; you have
always belonged to me, and you ought
to have waited till I came."

"You didn't say anything," returned
my aunt, with a little pride. "How was
I to know what you meant? You never
spoke a word."

"I took it you knew my mind," re-
turned Sam. "I never thought of any-
body else, and it didn't occur to me that
you would. You must marry this person
now you have promised him, of course.
But it isn't right and it never will be."